

darling, i'll be yours forever by toes-ier (snowglobegays)

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Summary:

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It's movie night.

darling, i'll be yours forever

Author's Note:

ok the wheelbrough gc won't shut up about these 3
and the ship name is stikers and i love them.
@discord this is for y'all

these 3 are so pure

also if u havent seen star wars the force awakens
then there r spoilers ok

“What do you wanna watch toni-?”

“ *Star Wars*, ” Will interrupted before Mike could finish. “ *Star Wars*,
Star Wars, *Star Wars*. ”

“Alright, I think we’re watching *Star Wars* ,” Stan laughed. “Like we
do every week.”

“We don’t watch it *every* week,” Will grumbled.

“Yeah, just *almost* every week,” Mike joked, but wrapped an arm
around Will to hold him close. “I don’t mind. You know I love it.”

“Which one do you wanna watch, babe?” Stan asked as he walked to
the drawer of DVD’s his mom kept. “We’ve got all eight.”

“That’s a good question, Stan. I wonder which one Will wants to
watch. Certainly not the one with Finn and Poe in it, right? Definitely
not that one...” Mike winked.

Will pouted. “Yes, that one. You guys are mean.”

“Oh come on, we’re teasing you.” Stan said as he grabbed the movie.
“It’s just cute that you love them so much.” He took a detour to press
a kiss to both boys’ foreheads before turning to put the movie in the
DVD player.

Will forced everyone to stay quiet and pay their utmost attention to

the film, especially in the beginning. “The words are the most important part,” he whispered. “You have to read them.”

Mike and Stan glanced at each other over their small boyfriend and rolled their eyes. Will most definitely had the beginning credits memorized; heck, they all probably did. His passion was endearing.

Even though *The Force Awakens* was an incredible movie, Mike and Stan grew bored every time they watched it. They’d never complain to Will, or insist on a different film, but they truly did watch it nearly every week. To keep entertained, they practiced throwing popcorn and small chocolate candies into each others mouths. Unfortunately, right when Rey found Luke’s old lightsaber, Stan misjudged a throw and nailed Will right in the eye with a Milk Dud.

“Oh, fuck babe, I’m sorry,” Stan jumped as Will gave him a one-eyed death glare.

“You two should be paying attention, not throwing shit at each other,” he whispered harshly. “Now I’m gonna have to get an eye patch and my mother will never let us see each other again because you blinded me.”

Mike pulled Will to his chest in a tight cuddle. “Sorry, darling,” he said softly, into Will’s ear. “Won’t happen again.”

“It better not.” Will almost sounded angry, but the way he nuzzled deeper into Mike’s warmth gave him away. “Watch the movie.”

Stan curled around Will, forcing him into a sort of Stan/Mike sandwich, but he didn’t mind. It was warm, comfortable, and having his two favorite boys around him always put him at ease.

So at ease, in fact, that when the fateful scene with Kylo Ren and Han Solo unfurled, Will didn’t even react.

Han Solo stood on a bridge, a few feet from Kylo Ren. Han was getting through to him, Kylo was caving, their relationship was forming, Leia was going to have her son, and then-

Mike buried his face in Will’s shoulder as it happened. Stan turned to hide in Will’s side. Will blinked dopily at the screen as red sizzling

light cut through his childhood hero. Usually, he couldn't even stand to *hear* Han's death. No matter how many times he watched it play out, it still stung. Mike hated the scene because Han Solo had been *his* childhood hero as well, while Stan avoided watching because he hated the anguish that painted everyone's faces as his body toppled into the abyss. Will patted both of their heads. "There there," he said apathetically. "Rey is gonna kick that little shrimp's ass soon."

Rey kicking the little shrimp's ass cheered everyone up, but by the end of the movie, they were all half asleep. It was too early to call it a night; however, so when the credits started, and Stan sat up to stretch, and Will crawled out of the warmth to dash to the restroom, Mike began rifling through the other movies in the drawer. Stan eventually clung to his back like a sleepy sloth. "You wanna watch another?" he asked slowly, tiredly. "Choose something fun."

"Always, pretty boy," Mike said, fingers sliding over glossy DVD spines. "Need something to wake us up."

"We all know you wanna watch *Hairspray* ," Will yawned as he walked back in. "I love *Hairspray*. "

"Aw, you know me so well," Mike laughed as he pulled out the movie. "Of course we're watching that."

So, they watched *Hairspray*, and woke up with Tracy as she sang "Good Morning, Baltimore," and yelled out *THREE* instead of *two* in "It Takes Two." Will dropped to his knees and serenaded his boyfriends during "I Can Hear The Bells." Mike performed a stunning rendition of "Ladies' Choice," jumping around and singing and hitting every note. Will fell a little more in love with him because he looked so in his element wooing them with his voice and moves. Stan swooned when Mike winked at him. As Mike belted out the end of the song, Will and Stan made eye contact and giggled. *They were dating real life Link Larkin!*

During "Without Love," they all sang along, to each other, dancing in circles around the coffee table. At one point, Stan leapt onto the couch to bellow his love for Mike and Will. Eventually, they joined him up there and stayed and bounced as they watched the final scenes.

Stan loved Amber getting absolutely destroyed when Tracy won Miss Teenage Hairspray. “This part gives me hope that Greta will get wrecked like this,” he laughed breathlessly. “She’s such an Amber.”

The final song, “You Can’t Stop the Beat,” had Mike, Stan, and Will hurtling themselves off the couch to dance. They held hands for some parts, threw cold popcorn around for others, and really just let out all the energy and adrenaline that pumped through their veins.

Will felt his heart fill and spill over with immeasurable *love* watching his boys enjoy themselves, jumping and dancing and laughing. They made him feel so much, feel so good, that all he wanted in return was for them to feel as good with him. And something about the flush to Stan’s cheeks, and the glow to Mike’s eyes, and the passion in their moves, made Will think that maybe, just maybe, he had found forever.

Once the credits began, and their energy goes down, the three boys collapsed back onto the couch, landing on piles of popcorn and bundles of blankets, holding onto each other and giggling. Mike landed half on Will, who bumped shoulders with Stan as he bounced against the cushion. They were fused into one being, one lump of love and life. Stan rolled over Will and peppered him with dozens of small, soft kisses, and Mike did the same. Will laughed loudly and brightly. Red skin, sheens or sweat, pulsing hearts, sparkling eyes, heavy limbs, and an air of purity and contentedness.

Stan thought about how he never laughed as much as he did when he was with Mike and Will. Mike thought of how his cheeks always stung from unceasing smiles whenever he saw his boys. Will thought that it was about damn time he had something good.

Joyce eventually arrived, to take Will home, but with promises of dinner together the next night (a weekly occurrence since the three of them became an official *item*) and the end of the night brought some solemnity, but Will could feel his mother’s happiness the entire drive home, and went to bed grinning ear to ear. The misery of his past was a faint memory of a feeling he would never endure again.

Joyce slowly pulled into the driveway of Stan's house, switching off her lights and creeping up to the door. The glow of the TV was visible through the curtains, and she could see a vague outline of three boys dancing around the living room. Mrs. Uris let her in quietly, and led her to the kitchen. "They're watching *Hairspray*," she whispered. "They're finishing dancing to the last song."

A warmth blossomed inside Joyce. Her boy, *dancing*, having a movie night with not one, but *two* boyfriends. She peeked into the living room as she heard to song change, and her heart melted. The three boys had collapsed on the couch, giggling, breathless, unmeasurably happy. After all Will had been through, after all the tragedy and struggle he had faced, there was nothing he deserved more to be as comfortable as he appeared, in that moment.

Joyce turned to Mrs. Uris. "Do you mind if I wait a minute to take him?" she asked quietly. I don't want to interrupt."

Mrs. Uris smiled kindly. "Of course," she replied. "It's so nice to see them all so happy, isn't it?" She placed a hand over her heart, sighing happily. "Young love."

And Joyce could only agree as she watched Stan roll over to Will and squeeze his head in his hands. She looked away before she saw anything else. Will deserved privacy.

Once the credits ended, she padded into the room. "Will," she whispered. "It's time to go, sweetheart."

"Oh, Mom." His head popped up, and he grinned. "When did you get here?"

"Just now," she said. "Come on then."

Will untangled himself from the mass of boy and went about collecting his things. Stan stood up to help.

"Hey Mrs. Byers!" Mike turned to face her and waved hello. "How are you doing tonight?"

"I'm doing just fine, Mike. How are you, sweetie?"

"I'm swell, Mrs. B. We had a great time tonight." He smiled.

Joyce *adored* Mike. "Well I'm glad you boys had fun." She noticed the box for a *Star Wars* DVD sitting beside the TV. "You watch *Star Wars* again?" she laughed. "I feel like you watch that every week!"

"That's exactly what I said!" Stan spoke as he and Will walked up to her. "It's alright though. We like him enough that it doesn't matter what we watch."

Will blushed something fierce at that, and Joyce rubbed his back. "Well, goodnight you two. See you for dinner tomorrow?"

"Always, Mrs. B!" Mike said. "Can't wait to eat your cooking again!"

"Oh, you," she said exasperatedly, but fondly. "Jonathan will be cooking, of course. We'll make sure it's kosher, Stan," she promised. "See you then!"

Will waved as they walked out, and Joyce thought she could see both boys blow kisses in return.

Joyce had to admit, when Will first told her that he was dating two boys, that they were both dating him and each dating each other, she had been confused. Confused, concerned, worried what others would think. Some people had expressed distaste toward the odd nature of their relationship, and Joyce was always bothered by the rude comments, but honestly?

Seeing Will so happy made everything worth it.

Author's Note:

s/o to paige for being my beta and also the coolest person on the planet (that's a compliment And me being vain bc we r lowkey the same person it's wild) but anyway im owe u my life

notice this is in the wheelbrough fic/gc fic series... and universe... you already know what tf goin on..

blease... i love comments... <3